

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE (I): Harold Clurman

THE NATION

July 6, 1963 . . 35c

Greece

The Masked Civil War

Harvey Goldberg

THE DAY THE COLD WAR CHANGED

Sir John Lomax

ENGLEWOOD and the NORTHERN DILEMMA

Gerald Walker

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LETTERS

The real security

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs: The article on April 27 by Lionel Abel under the title "Theatre of Politics: the Negro" contains a gratuitous affront against the so-called Peace Movement. He says, "The peace movement . . . lacks intellectual coherence. If you are concerned about the security of the people of this country then you have to be worried about the possibility of Russian military superiority, and if you are indeed worried about that, you cannot be part of a peace movement."

In the first place, we are assured by our President that we have no missile or other delivery inferiority and we have much evidence to indicate that the United States has an "over-kill" capacity greater by a considerable margin than that of the USSR.

Even more important is the point, ignored entirely by Mr. Abel, that the greatest risk to "security of the people of this country" may well be Russian military weakness, relative to our own strength, or simple accident, or miscalculation, or insubordination of the military (here or there), or escalation.

The only intellectually coherent position regarding public security is one which could lead to ultimate removal of the mechanisms which threaten the lives of everyone on the planet Earth. Maurice B. Visscher
University of Minnesota

Chemical warfare

Penrhyndeudraeth, Wales

Dear Sirs: I am disturbed by the fact that I have not been able to make known to the American public the facts concerning the use of chemicals in Vietnam. When I originally raised this point in my letter to *The New York Times*, that newspaper attacked me editorially for failing to provide evidence. . . .

The U.S. Government has been charged by the South Vietnam Liberation Red Cross, after a year's study by them of the chemicals sprayed in South Vietnam and their effect upon the health of human beings, animals and crops, with using weed killers which, in the large doses used, are harmful; with using white arsenic, various kinds of arsenite sodium and arsenite calcium, lead manganese arsenates, D.N.P. and D.N.C. (which inflame and eat into human flesh), and calcic cyanamide (which has "caused leaves, flowers and fruit to fall, killed big cattle like buffaloes and cows, and seriously affected thousands" of the inhabitants of South Vietnam); with having spread these

poisonous chemicals on large and densely populated areas of South Vietnam. Admittedly, the South Vietnam Liberation Red Cross is, as its name suggests, allied with those opposing the U.S.-supported Diem regime, but its published findings cannot be ignored, since it has urged international investigation of the situation. The use of these weapons, napalm bombs and chemicals, constitutes and results in atrocities, and points to the fact that this is a war of annihilation.

Bertrand Russell

Pope John

Newport, R.I.

Dear Sirs: Your understanding editorial on Pope John's death [June 22] was in marked contrast to the sniggering, bitter editorial to be found in the June 18 issue of *The National Review*. You correctly noted several points that Pope John, in his last encyclical, dwelt on with pointedness — racism is evil, and disarmament is necessary to the spread of social justice among all peoples. He was well aware of the evil (so often hidden) in the blandishments of the warfare state — a state, incidentally, that the *Review* relishes as it heads toward its own brand of martyrdom. . . .

No force in the Vatican can stop the flood of intelligence which John let loose in his Church. Regardless of intransigent bishops molded in a post-Reformation mentality, the work of John will help all people, of all persuasions, or of none, as Christ intended.

Albert J. McAlvan

Oceanography

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "Aerospace to Oceanography" [May 4], states: "sad to relate, the National Academy of Sciences Committee on Oceanography recently [sic] issued a report recommending a ten-year program for research without once mentioning industry." In fact, however, the committee is deeply interested in the contribution which industry can make to the future of oceanography. . . .

The first chapter of the committee's report (published in 1958), "Introduction and Summary of Recommendations," stresses five major recommendations, of which the final one reads: "Private foundations and universities, industry and state governments should all take an active part in the recommended program of expansion." Furthermore, the chapter on "Engineering Needs for Ocean Exploration" identifies the lead that industry should take in this field. The chapter on "Ocean-

THE NATION

Saturday July 6, 1963
Volume 197, No. 1

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The Nation, July 6, 1963. Vol. 197, No. 1

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-3400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year \$10, Two years \$18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian \$1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest and the Public Affairs Information Service.

Wide Surveys" states that "a portion of the survey work should be done by arrangement with competent groups from private industry who are experienced in geophysical explorations."

Richard C. Vetter
Executive Secretary
Committee on Oceanography of the
National Academy of Sciences and
the National Research Council

Logic of Circumstance

There is nothing deterministic about the events that, week by week, month by month, year by year, engross the minds of statesmen. If there is such a thing as the "locomotive of history," circumstances do not furnish its motive power. Chance plays its role and no man can predict its entrances and exits. Just the same, circumstances have their long-term logic, for the simple reason that events arise out of the past and what men have done is bound to influence what men will do. That inescapable fact lies behind President Kennedy's June 10 overtures to Premier Khrushchev. The cold war, in its phase of mounting intensity, has gone on long enough — in truth, too long. It cannot be stopped all at once. But, except for baldly partisan purposes, the steam has gone out of it — at least as between the United States and the USSR. Hopes for a renewal, with Red China and the United States as the antagonists, may spring in the breasts of our war-hawks. But they will have to wait, perhaps in vain.

An understanding between the United States and the Soviets makes sense and it is coming. There was never any reason for a military showdown, except ideology and the reluctance of a great *status quo* power to yield some of its dominance to a great emerging power. The two countries have no common border, no designs on each other's territory, and no history of mutual hatred. And now both are entering a world different from the world of the past, and one which will beset the United States, in particular, with problems of appalling magnitude at home. The United States will find it needs peace even more than the Soviet Union does. It will be an uneasy peace, to be sure, and one marred by irritations and bickering, but peace it will be.

It is said that the mail reaching the White House on the June 10 speech is predominantly unfavorable. Assuming it is grass-roots mail (an assumption which may be quite unsafe), this merely shows that the American public has been brainwashed over the past fifteen years out of its normal good sense. Abroad, reaction has ranged from commendatory to enthusiastic. The fact is that Europe has been emerging from the cold war faster than we have — which is one reason for the disarray of the NATO alliance.

The difficulty of permanently brainwashing a peo-

ple like the Americans is shown by an editorial in *County Government*, the limited-circulation magazine of the County Officers Association of the State of New York. The editorial, by James H. Heineman, the magazine's publisher, appeared in the April issue and must therefore have been written in March or before. Mr. Heineman called the turn. He did not use weasel words: his title was "IN BED WITH THE BEAR — OR THE COMING ALLIANCE WITH RUSSIA." *The Nation* does not go this far and the title may make Senators Mundt, Dirksen, Goldwater, et al., see red, but the question is whether they can answer the logic which Mr. Heineman has found in current circumstances.

Compressed to a degree which does injustice to the original, the components of this logic are: (1) War has been made prohibitive by thermonuclear weapons and has become useless as a means of economic expansion; (2) our constantly expanding industry *must* find new markets, nevertheless, and the one great potential market, transcending all others, is the Soviet Union (and don't imagine that Western Europe is not aware of it, too); (3) technology overleaps all boundaries and "progress cannot be stifled by the nationality of scientists" (the Pugwash conferences, which are actually exploratory exchanges among scientists in high official positions on both sides of the rusting iron curtain, are only a harbinger of what is to come); (4) U.S.-USSR defense requires that the two nations get together to try to stop, before it is too late, the uncontrolled proliferation of nuclear weapons.

"Americans," Mr. Heineman concludes, "may yet regard Khrushchev as a great man, not for any political contributions toward peace that he might make, but for recognizing and accepting the inevitable, which could lay the groundwork for peace." To which one can only add the prayer that, speaking at the Berlin Wall, Mr. Kennedy will not undo what he has so promisingly begun.

The Two Genii

Presidents before John F. Kennedy have been known to let genii out of bottles, but never before has a President let two out of their respective bottles on successive days. The statement is not strictly accurate, however. The cold-war genie was indeed released by the President at American University on June 10, but the Negro Revolution genie — and that's what it is — got out by himself on June 11. Arthur Krock has criticized the President for evading problems until they reach the crisis stage. In the case of race relations, the criticism is just. Trying to hold Southern support for his legislative program, the President waited too long. On the legislation which counts most

SUMMER SCHEDULE

After July 13, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only: July 27, Aug. 10 and Aug. 24.

— that on civil rights — he will get precious little Southern support in any case. His only hope of skidding it past the filibusters is aid from the Republican side of the Senate, where a tender love affair has long existed with the selfsame Southern Democratic bloc which will attempt to talk his proposed civil-rights legislation to death.

One thing is certain — the genii are out, and the Negro one is certainly not going back into his bottle. The cold-war genie would also be difficult to recon- tain, but it might be done, temporarily, by either Mr. Khrushchev or Mr. Kennedy himself. As far as the interests of the United States and of the world are concerned, both sets of issues might as well be faced now. They are, in a political sense, complementary; if Mr. Kennedy can succeed in putting one to rights, he will have a better chance with the other. But the interaction goes much deeper.

The fact is that the world is badly out of balance, with mores and institutions lagging far behind technology. Nowhere is the lag more glaring and more dangerous than in the United States, precisely because our technology is so far advanced and our institutions that much farther out of phase. The mores of the Deep South, for instance, have scarcely changed since James Buchanan was President. The mores of the Negroes, North and South, certainly have changed, but even the Negro leaders, intelligent and resolute as they are, give no sign that they appreciate the diastrophic changes that lie ahead. James Farmer, for instance, inveighs against the “white Establishment” and demands preferential job-hiring for Negroes. For every Negro who is exploited by the white Establishment, five or ten white workers are exploited — not to the same degree, but enough to unbalance the economic system and foment endless industrial strife. As automation proceeds apace, white men will be thrown out of jobs on the heels of Negroes; and uncounted thousands of white boys, like black, will never find work. Retraining? Does Mr. Farmer propose to make a computer programmer out of a laborer, white or black, who has never finished primary school?

Such are the problems of American Presidents, present and future, and of the American Congress, most of whose members are scarcely more awake, sociologically, than a somnambulist on the edge of a roof. Mr. Kennedy is wide awake, but he has his work cut out for him. What he needs, above all, is some of the political and personal magnetism which made Franklin D. Roosevelt a great President. For it is on the ability to arouse the voters to the country's peril, and their own, that the outcome will depend. President Kennedy might be re-elected, and leave to his successor the same sort of situation that President Buchanan left to President Lincoln. If he takes on simultaneously the two interlocking problems, domestic and foreign, that threaten us, he may find in himself the spiritual and political resources that he and we so desperately need.

In God We Trust

The New York *Daily News* is the most widely read — or it might be better to say, widely bought — newspaper in the United States. A good many “readers” just look at the funnies and leave the paper on the subway seat, but a minority probably reads the editorials, too. A certain percentage of this minority must have been startled by an editorial titled, “God Booted Out of School.” Hopefully, the *News* felt “reasonably sure” that the Supreme Court's “anti-God crusade” will “shoot more steam into the already widespread demand for some sort of curb on the Supreme Court itself.”

This is the gimmick. In any country which has allowed itself to be plunged into a war neurosis, or which has no idea of how to cope with its political problems, the courts are the last resort of the citizen who has not gone completely off his head. It was so — for a while, at least — even in Nazi Germany, and in McCarthyite America. The Supreme Court of the United States, certainly, is a civilized tribunal, and anyone appointed to it who may be lacking a trifle in some of the attributes expected in the office, may acquire them with the years.

This situation has a natural consequence: every idiot and Yahoo in the country hates the Supreme Court as the devil hates holy water. Those who have a professional interest in rallying the dregs of the nation are well aware of this, and they would like nothing better than to emasculate the Justices of the Supreme Court. Whenever the Justices make a decision touching on religion, these fakers and fanatics think they see their chance. When the Court decides on the basis of the plain words of the Constitution that compulsory Bible reading, or recital of the Lord's prayer in the schools, is an illegal establishment of religion, they scream that God is being kicked out of the school. What they would really like is to kick men like Chief Justice Warren out of office, and reduce the rest of the Court to a rubber stamp for their own schemes. It hasn't worked, and we don't believe it will. If it ever does, the Bill of Rights will join the Court in a desuetude that will be far from innocuous.

The Uses of Violence

We know nonviolence has its uses, but so has violence — especially when you can induce your opponent to use it in its most outrageous forms. At some point revulsion sets in, and at that point the practitioners of violence have come to the end of their rope.

Exhibits are numerous, but here are two culled from the struggle of the American Negro — and his white friends — for the Negro's constitutional rights. The scene is Danville, Va. — you don't need to go as far as Alabama or Mississippi. Danville is a textile center of about 46,000, one-third of whom are Negroes. It calls itself the “Southside Capital of Virginia.” Its fame will now spread beyond the great state which has given the Union so many Presidents.

With some minor exceptions — Negro “meter maids” and the like — Danville remains segregated. Some 65 Negroes organized a protest demonstration. They did not represent the whole of the Negro community by any means; many Negroes who were comparatively well off, economically, stayed home. A fracas began which could probably have been contained by a few level-headed public officials. Instead, Mayor Julian C. Stimson roared at Police Chief E. G. McCain: “Give ‘em all you got!” Immediately the hoses were turned on the demonstrators, some of whom were standing, some on their knees praying, in front of police headquarters. Under cover of the water barrage, the Danville police force, augmented by deputized garbage truck drivers, charged, swinging clubs. Forty-seven Negroes and whites were injured. One may be sure that Negro casualties predominated.

An announcer covering the event for the local radio station, which is strongly segregationist, was appalled. “Why . . . why . . .” he stammered into his microphone, “this is mass police brutality!” It is not recorded whether the station admonished him for his lack of guts.

Exhibit No. 2 comes from WNEW, a large and enterprising radio station in New York City. From June 5 to June 9, WNEW gave authenticated accounts of sexual abuse of both white and colored women in the jails of Jackson, Mississippi. One twenty-three-year-old white girl who had been arrested in a freedom demonstration told a story of girls subjected to “unsanitary and unmedical vaginal examinations” ostensibly to make sure that they were not bringing in dope. The girl herself went on a hunger strike. To

improve her appetite, she was forced to stand naked before male prisoners in the jail yard. Other instances of the same sort of Southern chivalry were detailed at a press conference in New York, but, according to the WNEW transcript, the papers were not interested. “Honey,” said one reporter, “it’s not news.”

Who Said Two Drinks?

In explaining the new regulations and depreciation allowances and investment tax credits which will save business up to \$4 billion a year, Mortimer Caplin, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, also used the occasion of an address to the American Management Association to reassure the executives on a subject even closer to their hearts than corporate profits, namely, expense accounts. These basic “guides” will be followed: “active conduct” of a business discussion at a meal; “the business discussion” directly before or after a meal; and “the quiet business meal” emphasizing “modest entertainment” — in a word, before, after and during. By way of added comfort, Mr. Caplin, with the fervor of a genuine New Frontiersman, assured the assembled executives that no one in his organization had ever thought of “telling anybody how many drinks to have at dinner. . . . I challenge anyone to tell me where the regulations say only two drinks are allowed instead of three or one instead of two.” These genial reassurances should put a stop to the cruel anticipations of austerity that have been agitating executives and restaurant owners for the last six months. The big expense-account binge will continue, at least through ’64, at a level that will keep the executives in the style to which they have grown accustomed.

THE MASKED CIVIL WAR Harvey Goldberg

Athens
From the columns of the press,
May-June, 1963:

Athens, May 23-June 3: *The assassination of Gregory Lambrakis, a prominent left-wing deputy of EDA (the Union of the Democratic Left) during political clashes in Salonika, touched off a storm of protest in Greece, which took a sharp anti-government turn. The funeral brought out an emotional crowd of 100,000 in Athens, shouting “Long Live Immortal Lambrakis” and “We Want Democracy.” Premier Constantine Caramanlis ordered an investigation of the Salonika tragedy which led to the arrest of one Katzramanis, member of a Fascist or-*

Harvey Goldberg, historian, is the author of *The Life of Jean Jaures* (U. of Wis. Press).

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ganization. The organization was ordered dissolved.

Ankara, May 22-June 1: *An attempted coup against the government of Premier Ismet Inonu, led by ex-Colonel Talat Aydemir and a group of military cadets, failed to topple the regime, which had itself emerged from an army coup against the hated Menderes government in May, 1960. Sensitive to growing attacks on his government as ineffective and conservative, Inonu has met the unrest with martial law and press censorship.*

Teheran, June 5-6: *In the worst Iranian riots since the fall of Dr. Mossadegh in 1953, the Shiite Moslem followers of Rouhallah Khomeini broke into revolt against the regime of Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi. Though to some extent an attack by conservatives opposed to*

the Shah’s land-reform program, the riots followed others in recent years from the Left, aimed against military and anti-parliamentary government. The riots were put down, and Iran again is under martial law.

Athens, June 11: *The resignation of Caramanlis after eight years in office has created a ministerial crisis in Greece. Though the ostensible cause was the Premier’s opposition to a proposed visit to England of King Paul and Queen Frederika, the fall of Caramanlis reflected the deep hostility to conservative and repressive government.*

The conjuncture of these events in Greece, Turkey and Iran, all of them indicating great social instability, is strikingly significant. For they are precisely the three countries in which the cold war

began in 1946 and 1947. It was in Iran in 1945-46 that the United States first perfected its "get tough" policy and helped to force the Russians out (it has been said that this Iranian operation was in Mr. Kennan's mind when he formulated his containment policy in 1947); and it was in Greece and Turkey in 1947 that the United States charted its commitment to an anti-Communist Europe in its first military-aid crash program, the Truman Doctrine. Now, sixteen years after that intervention, the Greek government planned a monument for Truman, showing him, several times life-size, holding his great charter in his hand.

But the monument may well commemorate a bit of history, rather than a living policy. For recent events rather clearly imply that the American decisions of 1946-47 and the alliance systems which crystallized them resulted in a "holding operation" rather than a definitive political settlement. Nothing seems better to illustrate that the Truman Doctrine-NATO-CENTO era is drawing to a close than that unrest is now widespread in the three original Western bastions of the cold war.

Curiously enough, Greece, Turkey and Iran, which resemble each other neither in geography nor institutions, offer strikingly similar examples of arrested historical development. Each one, earlier in the twentieth century, experienced an important national revolution charted by a dynamic leader. In Greece, Eleftherios Venizelos, impassioned patriot and spokesman for the lesser middle classes against the dominant elites, waged the Balkan Wars of 1912-13 to establish the national frontiers and then spearheaded the drive for the short-lived Greek Republic (1925-35); in Turkey, the remarkable Kemal Ataturk preserved the present frontiers from Greek expansionism, abolished the decayed Sultanate, destroyed the power of Islam and set the course of Westernization; and in Iran, the rough-hewn Reza Shah, operating in an even more traditional society, modernized social custom at the expense of an all-powerful church. However remarkable and essential, these national revolutions were incomplete (perhaps the first examples of that now-familiar condition of developing

countries), for they failed to set the goals or carry through the programs which could develop natural resources, abolish mass poverty and break the power of the wealthy few. So they remained backward.

Not surprisingly, therefore, in each of them, especially in the aftermath of the Second World War, a significant left-wing "threat" developed. In Greece, the resistance movement against German occupation, though partially in the hands of the Right, had been most effectively organized by the Communist-oriented EAM (the National Liberation Front), which proclaimed as its goal a new social order. In Turkey, where Ataturk's death in 1938 had transferred power to Inonu's self-seeking Republican Party, wartime neutrality and the illiterate muteness of the Anatolian peasantry had kept down social disorder; but the postwar influence of a victorious USSR to the North generated fears (or hopes) among politicians and intellectuals of an internal upheaval. And in Iran, the Russian-supported Tudeh Party, proclaiming an autonomous Azerbaijan in November, 1945, threatened to break the all-powerful grip of the landlords.

At that point the holding operation began. By 1947, in each of these countries, the revolutionary movement had been virtually suppressed or the Russian influence circumscribed by the decisions of American diplomacy. The control of Greece, Turkey and Iran came to rest, securely it seemed, in the hands of anti-Communist, often repressive and militaristic, governments. With plenty of American aid, they built armies, occasionally dams and fertilizer plants—and often personal fortunes. Yet holding operations are hardly ever permanent in history, and it should come as no surprise that ferment is now so evident in Greece, Turkey and Iran. Nor should it seem so depressing, if it means that their internal development will, in greater measure than before, reflect not the cold war, but their own social forces.

Over the past year, I have traveled across the world (the Far and Middle East, North Africa, Eastern and Western Europe), trying to match my historian's understanding of the age with the visual realities. Everywhere I asked questions; I listened, weighed answers, and

learned. My stay in Greece, Turkey and Iran lasted no more than two months; but then, how long does it take for an intellectual to express his discontent or a politician his ambition?

My findings in Greece may throw some light on recent events.

The memory of the Civil War (1944-49) is still the burning thought in the Greek political consciousness. It had been violent; on both sides it roused fierce passions; and its outcome, at least until now, had been determined by the British and then, more decisively, by the American presence. But most important, what makes the Civil War a force in Greek politics is that EAM (with its military arm, ELAS) came very close to winning. At the time of the liberation, EAM had two million followers in a population of seven million. I talked to men of both the Left and Right who still remembered, either with joy or horror, the massive demonstration of December 3, 1944, which signaled the start of the Civil War, when over 60,000 leftists, many carrying red flags, surged into Constitution Square to protest Papandreou's attempt (on British instructions) to disarm ELAS. The tide first turned against the Left when the British intervened militarily as early as December 15; then came the white terror of 1945-46, organized by the fanatically anti-Communist National Guard; and finally, the parliamentary elections of March 31 and the plebiscite of September 1, 1946, both conducted with force and fraud, which produced a Royalist parliament and guaranteed the King's return.

But that was hardly the end, nor could it be in a country sick with more than one hundred years of poverty, unemployment and (after independence) unfulfilled hopes. The leftists took to the hills and began a guerrilla war. Confronted with the most frightful social problems (runaway inflation, an annual peasant income of \$200, a pitiful stagnation in production), Premier Constantine Tsaldaris none the less devoted himself wholly to "restoration of public order." The net of repression, as one might expect, caught not only Communists, but liberals and trade unionists as well. Meanwhile, former Axis collaborators found their way back into the

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Trouble along a Western "safety wall."

government and wealthy profiteers had a field day. Within this context — economic collapse, social misery and a revived revolutionary movement—Truman launched his doctrine in March, 1947. The aid, which by the end of 1950 totaled almost \$2 billion for Greece alone, brought the Civil War to a close. Free from the Communist menace, Greece was apparently safe for democracy, ready for NATO and destined to develop her economy.

But the memory of that Civil War has shaped the present in three significant ways. First, it has polarized Greek politics into a Right (with only a nuance of difference among its various parties and leaders) and an extreme Left (the legatee of EAM's cause). The Center exists in name only. The American holding operation hasn't altered, but has rather enforced, the either-or pattern of Greek politics. Second, it has enabled successive Greek governments to ignore fundamental economic and social problems. To fight Communists and to accept the oligarchic structure of society have become two sides of the same coin. And third, the left-wing movement, which now centers around EDA, retains the drive and spirit of Civil War radicalism. Just as EAM strove to break through the stalemate of Greek society, so EDA seeks to break through the holding operation.

At the Far Right of the Greek political spectrum are some dozen or more organizations reminiscent of France's prewar Fascist *ligues*. Their very names—the National Anti-Communist Crusade of Greece, the Union of Anti-Communist Veterans, the Blue Falange—suggest the familiar round of anti-leftist terrorist activities. The police never felt it necessary to restrain or dissolve these organizations until one stalwart Fascist drove his motor-

cycle over Lambrakis and carried terrorism to the parliamentary level. For, in fact, these organizations, so fiercely dedicated in their anti-communism, express in exaggerated form the aspirations of more respectable parties.

"Except for our Communists," a prominent political scientist, linked to the government, said to me one day, "our parties are not ideological." His observation was merely a peculiar way of telling me, as many others did, that there was no substantial difference between the Radical Union Party, whose 180 deputies control parliament, and the so-called Center opposition — the coalition of the Liberals of Sophocles Venizelos and the Centrists of George Papandreou. Recent Greek history had rather verified the observation; for if the Caramanlis Radical Union government was overtly rightist, fervently for "free enterprise" and the anti-Communist crusade, the Liberals and Centrists, who had several times before 1955 held office, had not been much different. "Our constitution," the political scientist explained, "is really a nineteenth-century liberal instrument. It makes no provision for social reform or state economic intervention." In an age of planning and social engineering, the major parties adhere to the ideal (itself never attained) of an outmoded "classic liberalism."

A quarrel *does* exist among the "respectable" parties. With its seventy-eight deputies in parliament and a press, which includes the excellent newspaper *Vima*, the Center Union Party (the coalition of Liberal and Center forces) wages an oftentimes fierce campaign against the government. But that opposition turns far more on the question of method than of program. "The last general elections were rigged; they were

stolen from us," I heard an opposition editor charge. "The government blatantly disregards civil liberties, but we intend to restore them." He cited telling examples of force and fraud in the elections. From what I heard, I had no reason to doubt either allegation. At best, then, when the opposition leaders aren't just office-seekers, they are decent men, outraged by the thugish use of the Army and the police to thwart democracy.

Their resentment is compounded, however, of two other charges, sometimes obliquely phrased, which underscore their political frustration. They are essentially accusations about the influence of King Paul and of the American Embassy. "The King, after all, hand-picked Caramanlis, who had been a pretty obscure politician," a liberal journalist told me. And he added bluntly: "It may not be constitutional, but the King is the real leader of the government party. The source of his strength? Well, the Army, of course—and its very conservative officer corps." The fervent republicanism of the old liberals may be dead, but one senses its overtones in bitter criticisms of the German-born Queen ("spend-thrift," "wasting the money of our poor country on that lavish dowry for the Princess") and in the deep resentment over the King's preference for the ruling Radical Union. As for the American Embassy, Center Unionists have charged that it has thrown its formidable weight behind the government party. "The Americans make their preference for Caramanlis so obvious," complained the editor. "They have almost no contacts with us at all."

But the Center Unionists, if they rightly claim a greater dedication to democracy and a resentment of extra-constitutional influences, offer the Greeks few options on social and economic questions. The Civil War weighs on them, as it does on the government, and it vitiates the mildest urge to reform. In several conversations, Center Unionists admitted the twin problems of mass poverty and economic oligarchy. But when I asked for their program, their answers were vague and therefore revealing. Thus, the editor spoke of honesty in government, of personal freedoms; but not a word about planning, reform or a fiscal policy to

tax great fortunes. He fell rather into fear-ridden memories of the Civil War. "In 1944, you know, the Communists had practically all of Athens. Papandreou's support was all over in the *Grande-Bretagne* where the British mission lived. It was a close call, and thank heavens for your American aid. But the threat is still here." On substantive questions, whether international or internal, the government and its official opposition are both very much guardians of the holding operation. They are on the Right, vying for office and hurling accusations at each other.

By nature Greece is a poor country. Her peasants must live on fragmented plots (among the smallest in the world); her sparse natural resources inevitably limit her industrialization. In antiquity, the Greeks made their way by sailing the seas and planting colonies; today they can achieve a real measure of mass prosperity only by careful economic planning, which no Greek government has been willing to undertake.

Economic stagnation, as serious after independence as during centuries of Turkish rule, has been the great postwar challenge. American aid, despite lamentable waste or corruption, did stir and stimulate the economy. Between 1950 and 1962, the rate of economic growth averaged out to an impressive 6 per cent per year. "But you mustn't be deceived," warned a well-trained young economist (a Ph.D. from a great American university). "Much of that investment has been unproductive; and without new policies, I doubt that we can sustain that expansion in the future." The growth rate, he pointed out, had already dropped — 6.5 per cent between 1950-56, but only 5.5 per cent between 1956-62. Furthermore, agricultural income, the measure of peasant welfare, had risen less than half of the national average. Investment in the mercantile fleet, tourist hotels and luxury apartments creates neither plant nor jobs for the future.

Greece has been plagued by two fundamental economic problems, one linked to the other. The first, the inevitable sign of a semi-colonial economy, is her raw-material, agricultural status. Greek national wealth derives from farm produce

(and not the basic grain staples, but rather tobacco and fruits) and some raw materials. The other problem is the constant threat of a serious trade imbalance between industrial imports and agricultural exports. "We've been living on foreign aid and borrowed time," the economist insisted. "Tourism and shipping bring us about \$100 million each; together with an elaborate system of protection, we have used these means to close the gap. But tourism is a preposterous way out of an economic dilemma. Its profits line the pockets of hotel owners; and the whole industry rests on the whim of tourists. The Common Market? If we're full members, it will destroy our system of protection. We'll have a hard time marketing Macedonian produce if we're flooded with Italian fruit."

Greece's recent economic performance thus suffers from the composition of investments. Shipping and tourism have flourished, but the "import-replacing sector" has remained pitifully small (in the years 1954-56, industrial goods comprised 2 per cent of Greek exports and in 1960-62 only 1.9 per cent). Finally, the infrastructure, especially schools and technical education, is archaic and underdeveloped.

All of which shows up, even through cold statistics, in the poverty of the Greek masses. The per capita income is an abysmal \$350, higher than a decade ago, but one of the lowest in Europe. (Nor does that figure, which averages out all districts and classes, tell the story; in backward Epirus, for example, per capita income is a miserable \$100, while in Athens, where wealthy building contractors and bankers are included, it's \$550.) A tiny Greek elite, reaping the whirlwind of the Occupation or the aid program, amassed great fortunes which easily escape the net of taxation (one well-known shipping magnate, I was told, paid about \$400 in income taxes last year). But for the masses life is hard and opportunity limited in "warm and happy Greece."

Should the United States be blamed or praised for her economic role in Greece? "You must be realistic," the political scientist pointed out. "Aid is always *political*

aid. You came in to stop communism and to build our military defenses. You weren't encouraging basic changes in the economic structure or the pattern of ownership." But neither were the ruling parties and politicians. Their *raison d'être* is that they have saved Greece from communism. But for what? Not real political democracy; certainly not social democracy. Thus, after years of fighting communism, the extreme Left still remains "the other force."

EDA was founded in 1951 with the fusion of five small parties into one. It is frequently billed as the successor of EAM; and, in fact, since the Communist Party is outlawed, there are many Communists in its ranks and leadership, though others—varieties of Socialists and democrats—fill out its membership. Its strength, while largely in the big cities like Athens and Salonika, is considerable in certain poverty zones (Thessaly and Macedonia) and in some especially backward pockets. Despite severe handicaps—harsh police action and ingeniously contrived election laws — the party put twenty-five deputies in parliament in the last elections.

Where does EDA stand? "The repression of our freedom and the poverty of our people—these are Greece's critical problems," replied Elia Eliou, EDA's parliamentary leader. Dignified, middle-aged, warm-spirited, he spoke to me in deliberate but correct French. Except for what he said, he could have passed for a successful bourgeois lawyer. He talked at length about repression and the burning issue of political imprisonment. "The Civil War was a bitter struggle, and there's no use denying that atrocities were committed by both sides. But since the Left lost, only its atrocities were played up. Do you want to know about white terror? Four thousand leftist leaders were shot after courts-martial; thousands of others were imprisoned or deported to the islands. I spent five years in deportation myself. During the September plebiscite in 1946, the police and the Army roamed the countryside silencing opposition and forcing the verdict. Repression was thus built into our political system, and it serves the interests of our financial oligarchy, foreign investors and the State De-

partment." He talked with feeling of the 1,200 or so political prisoners still rotting away in Greek jails after a dozen or more years.

With an impressive array of facts and figures (his latest book deals with economic conditions), Eliou summed up EDA's case against Greece's "semi-colonial" economy. He pointed to foreign exploitation of her natural resources; to the sale of these resources in the international market ("we have bauxite but no aluminum industry"); to American "dumping" of wheat and cotton and its depressing effects on Greek agriculture. "We have a backward economy, which can ill afford to support foreign interests or to spend 7½ per cent of the national income on the Army." And all the great structural weaknesses of the economy, he predicted, could become only more serious under the impact of the Common Market.

From these analyses, Eliou called off the main points of EDA's program: political democracy; amnesty; industrial development; agricultural modernization; the socialization of natural resources; the heavy taxation of large fortunes; and, in foreign policy, reduction of the excessive American influence and the establishment of friendly relations with both the Western and Socialist camps. Even the right-

wing government, Eliou pointed out, had been forced through bilateral agreements to trade heavily with the Soviet bloc countries (up to 25 per cent of Greek exports); EDA would expand that trade for the benefit of the nation's prosperity. Freedom, justice, peace—these were the key words.

My conversation with Eliou had an epilogue the next day when some journalists of *Avgi*, the pro-EDA daily, were carted off to jail.

EDA and the future? It's a theme worth pondering. Suppose it came close to power. EAM, we know, had been led by tough Communists who might have turned the new society into purges and prisons. But what about EDA? It is a coalition, but the Communists seem the dominant faction. Are they, years after the Stalinist era, flexible, national, parliamentary? And then, would their threat, like a repetition of the cold war, call forth violence or even a Fascist coup? And what about American diplomacy? "All these starve-to-death nations we helped out are getting kind of pig-headed," Mr. Truman observed recently, "but they will come round all right in time." But suppose some "pig-headed" nation doesn't? For us, these are disturbing questions. But though we may regret the polariza-

tion of Greek politics, we can't wish away the consequences of history. And for many Greeks, increasingly impatient, EDA is the alternative to the stalemate.

Events moved rapidly in the spring: the impressive international meeting in Paris for amnesty; the jostling of Queen Frederika in London by Greek leftists; and then, as the aftermath of a peace rally in Salonika, the explosive Lambrakis affair. The furor touched off by that event has involved not only EDA but also the Center Union, which charged the government with "turning toward fascism" and "instigating political murder." Now Caramanlis has resigned, and the ministerial crisis is upon Greece. Did the King scuttle Caramanlis because he was discredited? Did Caramanlis break with the King because the monarchy is unpopular? Are new elections, before the election law is revised, a clever political gambit by Caramanlis? It is too early to know, but perhaps these questions are not so important. *The New York Times* (June 15), disturbed about the fate of the North Atlantic Alliance, referred to eight years of "stability and prosperity" under Caramanlis. But stability *how*? Prosperity for *whom*? The deeper Greek crisis turns on the answers to these questions.

Englewood and the Northern Dilemma

Gerald Walker

The precipitating facts in the Englewood, N.J., two-year school-desegregation controversy are: 495 of 505 pupils at Lincoln Elementary School are Negro; achievement tests show Lincoln sixth-graders are two years behind those of the other elementary schools, causing a higher drop-out rate thereafter.

The remedy, say Negro parents, is for their children to go to elementary schools that are not 98 per cent Negro. For support, they cite the 1954 Supreme Court decision overturning Southern *de jure* school segregation (segregated by law or

school policy), which said "separate education facilities are inherently unequal" and segregation "has a detrimental effect" on Negro school children.

Englewood's die-hard City Council and many white parents deny a direct causal connection between racial concentration per se and quality of education. They also say the 1954 decision does not apply to Englewood, since school segregation there is not deliberate or, in the Court's words, "solely on the basis of race," but *de facto* (segregated in fact, largely due to housing patterns). They claim this absolves them of any obligation to reassign students.

These and related issues have so polarized and paralyzed Englewood — militant, mostly Negro Engle-

wood Movement on one side; unbending, mostly white Committee to Save Our Neighborhood Schools (SONS) on the other — that it is no longer able to deal constructively with its own problem. Last fall, after dismissal of some Negro parents' federal court suit for want of exhausting administrative remedies, the NAACP and others sought other outside relief by petitioning State Education Commissioner Frederick M. Raubinger, whose decision is expected in late June or July. Dr. Raubinger's ruling almost certainly will follow precedent-setting guide lines enunciated in his May 15 decision on Orange, N.J., which suggested a totally new approach to *de facto* segregation.

Even in the absence of intentional school segregation, the Or-

Gerald Walker has written extensively on race relations. The research on which this article is based was made possible through a grant by The Philip M. Stern Family Fund.

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ange decision said, a school board has a positive duty to reduce racial concentration since it "engenders feelings and attitudes which tend to interfere with successful learning" and constitutes "a deprivation of educational opportunity." The first such legal utterance by a state official, it is a significant extension of the reasoning and effect of the 1954 Supreme Court ruling. (On June 18, New York's Educational Commissioner issued a similar order.)

Even with such a directive, Englewood's dispute may not be settled by fall, for someone will file a delaying court appeal which would mean another year of segregation for Lincoln.

Englewood's is but one of sixty-nine similarly divisive community fights in fifteen non-Southern states, all provoked by the fact that segregated neighborhoods produce segregated neighborhood schools. Tactically deciding that schools were more responsive to pressure for change than neighborhoods, the NAACP in the past few years has campaigned increasingly against *de facto* school segregation above the Mason-Dixon line. This has usually taken the form of an attempt to modify the North's traditional "neighborhood school policy," whereby students are assigned to the school nearest home.

The Englewood city-wide senior and junior high schools are already integrated, with Negro enrollments of 26 per cent and 39 per cent respectively. Thus, *the entire argument centers on "racial imbalance"* ("They still hate to say 'segregation,'" a Negro observes) *in two of the five elementary schools: Lincoln and Liberty* (which has risen from 26 per cent Negro in 1950-51 to 62 per cent in 1962). Negro enrollment at the other elementary schools, located in predominantly white neighborhoods, is 14.5 per cent, 3.2 per cent and .4 per cent. Negroes comprise 39.1 per cent of all elementary-school students, a workable proportion for a community interested in lessening *de facto* school segregation.

A pre-automobile enclave of financiers' estates, Englewood is now a mature suburb (pop. 27,000) just above the George Washington Bridge, a twenty-five-minute drive from midtown Manhattan. It is one-

half Protestant, one-fourth Catholic, one-fourth Jewish. Some of the original mansions line shady streets in the plush First and Second Wards astride the hill east of the railroad tracks. The hill drops to the business center and the Third and Fourth Wards on low land west of the tracks. The Third is mostly middle-income developments.

The low-income Fourth Ward housed Englewood's first Negroes, brought North as domestics about 1900; many of their descendants are there still. A Negro ghetto by 1930, the Fourth's supply of good homes was outpaced by the demand of Negroes using postwar purchasing power to flee city slums. As poor Southern Negroes arrived, congestion and deterioration increased. Since 1954, some 400 middle-class Negro families have moved into the Third Ward; about seventy-five more crossed into the Second. Many others left the town.

Englewood's 7,000 Negroes comprise 27 per cent of the population; in 1950, it was 4,000 and 18 per cent. This "invasion" worries many Englewood whites, who associate the Negro with the urban blight they left behind them; now, they feel, here it is pursuing them.

Actually, blight pursues the Negroes. All local industry is zoned for the Fourth Ward, now 97 per cent Negro; a polluted stream crosses its park. Housing there ranges from fair to a large, ugly, high-rent slum (the only one in the county) around Lincoln school.

Aside from the two-year educational achievement gap, the slum surroundings account for some Negro objections to Lincoln. Other Negroes want to close or break up Lincoln because they see it as an affronting racial symbol. At nearby Liberty, serving middle-income Negroes in the Third Ward and on the fringe of the Fourth, the aim is at least to hold the line before it, too, turns all-Negro.

"Racial imbalance" first came up in June, 1961, at a meeting of the school board, which agreed to have an expert study ready by Feb. 1, 1962. When the deadline arrived and the study didn't, a stall was suspected. After an overnight protest sit-in at City Hall, eleven CORE demonstrators were arrested. Ironically, among those arrested were two residents in whose honor Mayor

Austin N. Volk had recently proclaimed "Freedom Rider Day" after their jailing in Jackson, Miss. This time the Mayor spoke darkly of "defiance of law and order."

When the study was released weeks later, it recommended as "a first step" toward total integration a central intermediate school for all fifth and sixth grades featuring such new techniques as team-teaching and non-graded classes. Subsequent steps included reassigning Lincoln's lower grades to other schools, re-zoning Liberty, and urban renewal around Lincoln. The proposal was endorsed by the local NAACP and CORE chapters, Urban League, PTA Council, League of Women Voters and other civic groups. Even with this support, the timid school board backed and filled before adopting its experts' plan.

But the six-man, Republican-dominated City Council had other ideas which its one Negro member (also its lone Democrat), representing the Fourth Ward, was powerless to oppose. In some instances, the Negro Councilman was not consulted on school and other matters; as the white majority explained, he didn't agree with them anyway.

In July, 1962, three City Council members of the Board of School Estimate outvoted the two school-board representatives to deny funds needed to open the proposed intermediate school.

Local critics asserted the council was using purse-string pressure improperly to interfere with the shaping of educational policy which, by law, was solely the power of the school board. The council retorted that it was within its rights to oppose an "unpopular" school plan; its stand was, indeed, heavily backed by a subsequent "non-binding" public-opinion survey and a referendum indicating strong sentiment for retaining the *status quo*. "The council says it will back any school integration plan acceptable to the majority of the voters," a CORE spokesman sums things up, "but they manipulate public opinion so it's unfavorable to integration."

The council's action in denying the needed funds has really torn things in Englewood, perhaps permanently injecting brinkmanship into its interracial affairs. The fall term opened with a three-day boy-

cott of Lincoln by 350 students and the petition to Commissioner Raubinger, followed by a new round of school picketing, prayer marches, motorcades, rallies, heated school board meetings and sit-ins at the offices of Governor Richard J. Hughes and of Englewood's school superintendent. Thirty-five pupils have been boycotting Lincoln since Feb. 26, simultaneously staging a "study-in" at a white school, where they sit in classes as "unauthorized visitors."

The situation has now deteriorated to a point at which the head of the Englewood Movement, Augustus B. Harrison, told the City Council that unless something is done about the schools, there will be two more years of demonstrations which, he added, "I hope we can keep under control." Not solely a talking point, this is part of the Negro's post-Birmingham mood.

In Englewood's Negro community, there was much more talk of the Muslims at the end of this school year than at the beginning. The Urban League was asked to move its office (it didn't) from the business center to the Fourth Ward; the smoldering young Negroes making this request explained, "Let's not make it so easy for whites to drop by, let them come to us." And last September, one still heard much of civil rights and equal opportunity; by May, Adam Clayton Powell could tell a rally of 1,000 in Englewood that "the white man is afraid." The crowd whooped.

Why this impasse over extending integration to the lower six grades? "They think," snorts one Negro, "that we want to knife and rape them from kindergarten on up!" But in part it is not so much a school fight as a holding action to forestall other demands. As one of Englewood's political hierarchy bluntly told a Negro spokesman on the other side of a conference table not long ago, "I don't intend any niggers to tell us what to do."

Prejudice aside, white parents do raise several intellectually respectable objections. They say, and a state fact-finding team bears them out, that there is no gross inequality of plant, equipment or teachers among elementary schools; therefore the reason for the Lincoln pupils' backwardness is to be found in their "culturally disadvantaged"

homes, not the school. The answer, they go on, is to initiate a Higher Horizons program at Lincoln itself, rather than "disrupt" the entire school system; at most, they are willing to countenance an open enrollment policy whereby a few highly motivated Negro students would be allowed to transfer from Lincoln.

But this argument overlooks the stigma and the impact of attending a segregated school. "Segregated education," says LeRoy McCloud, Lincoln's Negro principal, "gives kids the feeling they're not wanted. Which is true — they're not wanted. When they get to junior high, they're more concerned with the attitude of the whites and fighting back than concentrating on their studies. The teachers in junior high are mostly white, too, and the kids direct their venom at the teacher: 'You teach me, make me learn.'"

In a like vein, Harvard-trained Dr. Mark R. Shedd, just finishing his first year as Englewood's school superintendent, says, "Although I know of no conclusive, controlled experiment proving that segregated education is harmful, my experience here convinces me it's so. Even without indisputable research data, you have to be guided by moral principle and by one of the major elements of our national policy."

Another argument worth discussion is *how* to integrate youngsters who are two years apart educationally. Does it make sense to put them in the same class? In this education-conscious time, it will be a rare white parent who, liberal or not, would agree to class assignments that might hinder his own

child's learning. Indeed, this is ruled out by Englewood's present system of homogeneously grouped classes according to ability, which already has created a series of segregated classes within the nominally integrated junior and senior highs.

Since the two-year education gap is not racial, but socio-economic in origin, it can to a degree be overcome by a special, enriched teaching effort directed at ability-segregated Negro pupils in formerly white elementary schools. However, this means that for a transition period, perhaps a lengthy one, the Negro community must expect that a certain number of all-Negro classes must continue. This may be a hard adjustment, since some Negro spokesmen, oversimplifying, have implied that Lincoln pupils were somehow being short-changed and that a physical transfer to another school would soon clear that up. True, Negro pupils at other elementary schools score higher than those at Lincoln; but it will take time for the realization to spread that some of this differential is due to the higher socio-economic status of pupils attending schools other than Lincoln.

Other reactions of resistant whites are less rational than rationalizations. The neighborhood school system possesses the virtues of convenience and logic, but the SONS group has made of it an inviolable theology. Granted, people tend to be conservative about their children. But surely perspective has been lost when a SONS parent claims more psychological disturbance would be inflicted on his children by riding buses to a new school than is inflicted on Negro children attending a segregated school.

Money enters the picture in several ways. "Most of us paid a premium for homes near schools," a white lawyer declares. "Try selling a house here now." There is a noticeable softening of property values among the more expensive homes (one \$45,000 house just went for \$32,000). The Taxpayers League — aware that additional school services or buses mean higher taxes — declares "there is no school problem." Parents who might feel impelled to turn to expensive, safely white, private schools oppose



"Up North, we sort of nibble 'em to death."

further desegregation because, as one mother said, "Friendship patterns are set early and, as things stand now, there isn't much contact between whites and Negroes in the upper grades."

The fear of a white exodus and a prophesied drop in property-tax revenue plays a role. "Who'll pay the city's bills?" a Councilman asked a housewife constituent. "There might not be three garbage collections a week."

Perhaps the height of self-delusion was Mayor Volk's statement (if he meant it) that Englewood was already "one of the most integrated communities north of the Mason-Dixon line." Negroes, he noted, taught in all schools and lived in all wards. He did not say that the three predominantly white elementary schools had one Negro teacher each—"token integration,"

says a candid school official. Nor did he say that the dozen Negro families in the exclusive First Ward are all on one street — the outermost. With \$50,000-\$100,000 homes, they could have bought anywhere in a truly open housing market. Here is rebuttal enough to the statement that school integration is an "artificial" solution to a housing problem that is presumably non-artificial (only God can make a tree — or a housing pattern).

"The real clash in Englewood," asserts civil-rights attorney Paul B. Zuber, Englewood Movement legal counsel, "is between the Negro suburbanite and white suburbanite, with the Negro wanting the same rights and status, and not getting them. Englewood could set the tone for the whole North. But if it goes down, nothing can stop the South

from using the neighborhood school system and segregated housing to beat the Supreme Court decision. What's in it for the middle-class whites to change things in Englewood? The elimination of turmoil and strife where they live."

It is a fact that the man with the \$35,000 mortgage cannot afford to run from the Negro; it is another that with the spreading suburbanization of the Negro in recent years, there are fewer places to run to — and they are progressively more expensive. These pressures, for the first time in Englewood, are causing some of the most vocal white disputants to talk behind the scenes of compromise "for the good of the community."

The stalemate will finally be broken only when Englewood comes to value its prejudices less than its peace and quiet.

The Day the Cold War Changed . . . Sir John Lomax

When history is written, it will surely be noted that during the early 1960s something happened to the cold war. Suddenly, and without a word on the record, the East-West clash was different. The origin and causes of this change have escaped contemporary notice because diplomatic reporting sticks to the minutiae of the official handout, which plays down or ignores all awkward issues. Thus the main stream of comment tends to lose focus because real issues are always awkward—and may well be officially taboo, unmentionable, secret and never to be avowed.

Hence may be deduced the rough idea that it is often an advantage for a commentator to have had no official briefings.

And now, to put this thought into the perspective of actual events, let it be said that the cold war came to an end on a certain date, signaled by the recorded specific act of a certain person; and, that professional commentators then, and for years afterwards, failed to notice it.

The date was September 30, 1961, the specific act was a state-

ment in London by Senator J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the U. S. Senate, in which he declared that the West was partly to blame for the Berlin "stupidity" and that "the Russians had a legitimate concern about atomic weapons being given to Germany. They should not be given if there was any reasonable prospect of reaching some acceptable agreement with the Russians." (The words here quoted are from *The Times* of October 2, 1961—the only London daily which gave the item more than perfunctory notice.)

To show the crucial bearing of Fulbright's few words upon what followed and upon what is happening today, we must recall briefly the facts as known in the autumn of 1961. Earlier that year, Khrushchev had issued his ultimatum that the status of all Berlin must be settled with the East German Government. The reaction was a loud crescendo of East-West exchanges, with Khrushchev leading the chorus. But meanwhile, rather more quietly, Messrs. Rusk and Gromyko held a series of private talks at the United Nations. Of what they said the official communiqués revealed nothing. Then, in late September,

General Lucius Clay, visiting Berlin as the President's personal representative, dropped a weighted hint to the West Berliners that they must "accept reality." This pregnant utterance was quickly followed by a visit to London—for a Parliamentary Association Conference — of Senator Fulbright, whose words to the press are quoted above. And finally—the last known fact of the incident—Khrushchev withdrew his Berlin ultimatum.

A little later, the East Germans, realizing that Comrade Khrushchev was not going to annex West Berlin for them "as promised," built a wall to discourage their citizens from straying out of the Marxist paradise. But they did not get their treaty, their regime was not "recognized," there was no Summit, and Khrushchev's ultimatum was not renewed.

What had happened? Nothing in the East-West official exchanges could be cited to explain this *volte-face*. The official spokesmen were stuck with an unfinished story; the professional commentators averred that the issue was merely in abeyance, and most of them forecast an early Summit for 1962. Could it be that the significance of

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Fulbright's words was missed because they were uttered at an unimportant function in Europe on a Saturday afternoon? In the light of the Senator's important post and known sympathy with the general lines of Kennedy's foreign policy, can it be imagined that in this case he spoke without the President's consent?

None of these questions will stand up: the known facts and their context will bear only one conclusion: somehow, somewhere (probably through Rusk and Gromyko at the UN talks), Washington and Moscow reached an unuttered and unutterable compact that *atomic arms would be kept from the West Germans, if, and for as long as, the Russians kept their hands off Berlin.* That version alone harmonizes with all the factors of the 1961 equation; equally, it fits everything that has happened since and is happening now. No other hypothesis seems to do so.

Let us see how this idea comports with the position of the four protagonists — Russia, Germany, France and the United States.

Russia. Nobody can think that Khrushchev canceled his ultimatum for nothing. Nobody seriously believes that Khrushchev really fears attack from the United States or its forces in NATO. But it is quite certain that the Kremlin fears and distrusts West Germany; and evidently something was happening during 1961 to make the Soviet leaders suspect that a move was afoot to arm the forces of Bonn with atomic weapons.

This idea leads into the most complex diplomatic and strategic questions of the day. Such matters are enclosed in layers of high policy and clouded in secrecy. Probably only one or two men have a clear view of the whole picture, but on the supersensitive point of rearming Germany, the underlying stresses are sometimes betrayed in surface indications. One such was the premature departure of General Norstad from the NATO command. The General — as became his office — advocated a nuclear deterrent for NATO; and his leaning toward the German element in his command — again quite natural — was marked. To the Russians, this may well have seemed a ploy of thin-edgeman-ship for giving nuclear

warheads to German soldiers, and therefore more than enough to explain why they turned on the heat in Berlin in such a manner as to provide them with a useful diplomatic makeweight.

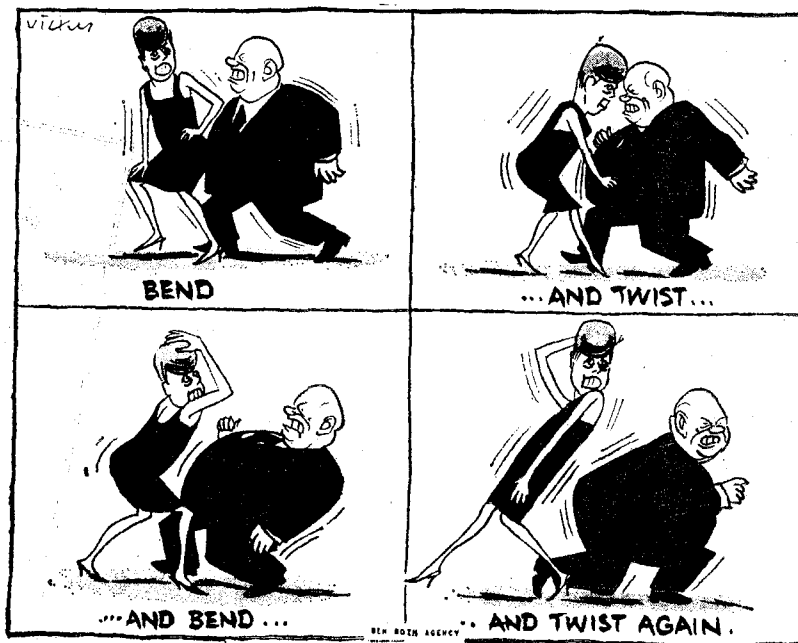
Incidentally, if my interpretation is correct, there was revealed here the Kremlin's understanding of the U.S. Constitution—an understanding rarely shared by other European chancelleries. What Fulbright said was of special significance because he is chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of that legislative body which, under the Constitution, can alone validate the President's treaty-making power.

France and Germany. All that was known in 1961 and has happened since suggests that what might be called the Fulbright "settlement" exactly suited the two veterans of Bonn and Paris. Without it, the Franco-German pact, whose best advertised consequence was to exclude Britain from the Common Market, would not have been possible. But, at the same time, it called upon the German Chancellor to accept for his people a grievous sacrifice. For fifteen years it had been Item One of the Bonn-Dulles credenda that NATO would roll back the Russian advance and reunite Germany. But implicit in an East-West *démarche* on Berlin was abandonment of any attempt as such a rollback. So Adenauer was being asked to accept a division of the Fatherland which

meant the loss even of the territories won by Frederick the Great. Viewed coldly in 1961, it was long odds that the German people would resent this, and would tend to rally around the neo-Nazi, irredentist groups. But under statesmen like Adenauer the obvious did not need to happen. It was the first time since World War II that Germans had the opportunity to show the world—as distinct from telling it — that they were no longer the people who, not long ago, had followed Hitler.

That is how they saw it — or, at least, how the old Chancellor saw it for them. And, of course, by 1961 he must have known that, in a showdown, few of the NATO allies would fight to reunite Germany. But perhaps another, a more subtle and a still continuing reason, moved Adenauer; namely, the fear that a resurgence of German chauvinism would be worse than a postponement of German unity. Most Germans over forty years old must know in their hearts that a German Army strong enough to confront the Russians would almost automatically demolish the civic consciousness as free individuals which Bonn has labored tirelessly—with middling results—to build up. But, of course, they would rather die than admit it.

Likewise with de Gaulle. The reader will recall that his aversion, in the spring of 1962, to London's Summit proposal was widely pictured as holding back the Western



foreign-affairs bureaus from prodigies of diplomacy. The truth was, rather, that a post-mortem on the Berlin "settlement" would have put him in a bad fix. His Franco-German blueprint — as we now know — called for a French, but no German, deterrent; and plainly this would be easier to execute without German unification. But obviously he could not openly espouse this proposition without seriously embarrassing Adenauer. The old Chancellor might privately concede that, for the time being, unification was dead and atomic weapons for the West German Army not a desideratum, but he would look askance were Paris openly and enthusiastically to agree with him.

Washington. Here would be seen the supreme value of the Fulbright formula's built-in mechanism of enforcement — and, if necessary, of termination. And implicit in it is the blessed comfort that nothing need be written down; indeed, nothing *dared* be written down. And so much the better! The formal engagements of diplomacy seldom last; it is the unwritten pacts which bind — and have the notable advantage, also, that their harassed

authors need not do too much explaining at home.

The logic that the President would never have made the deal unless it suited his book was soon confirmed by Kennedy's ready acceptance of de Gaulle's role as diplomatic traffic cop to halt Macmillan's 1962 Summit scheme. He would see that a Summit is the surest trip-wire for an American President. Anyone who wonders why should recall how President Wilson was hunted to death and — more lately — President Eisenhower publicly humiliated.

Kennedy also had need to escape the pressure of his military soothsayers, with their pre-emptive and preventive solutions, as well as his political extremists. So, too, had Khrushchev; indeed, even more so, seeing that some of the "activists" in his entourage could be rivals. Their party "purity" and links with Peking irked him a lot. Like Adenauer, he would hate an international display of toughness, for that would exalt his many marshals.

Thus anything, in reason, that allowed the Berlin deadline to be withdrawn would be most agreeable to all concerned.

So, if we have estimated correct-

ly, the Great Powers struck their eleventh-hour bargain, albeit by shifts so low in civic decorum that none dares avow it publicly. Its merit was to preserve the peace by an East-West coexistence plan with self-acting guarantees. Perhaps it does not deserve to be called a "settlement," but rather a positioning of opponents in a stalemate. At least it fulfills the hard-faced maxim that politics is the art of the possible.

It has stood up to two years' rough and tumble, including the Berlin Wall and Cuba; and, to all appearances, its terms still rule the top parleys such as the wrangle between multilateral and multinational NATO nuclear forces, with Washington's stake placed on the formula which will least bear the implication of a Teuton hand anywhere near the nuclear-control panel.

Not much to cling to, certainly, but better than the nothing which is the alternative. Of course, it doesn't exactly conform to the ideal of "open covenants openly arrived at," but maybe it will survive longer than the portentous engagements reached under that famous prescription during the past half-century.

Kefauver and the Price-Makers .. Bernard D. Nossiter

Washington, D.C. Detroit expects another banner auto year, businessmen generally look forward to a second successive helping of substantial tax cuts and President Kennedy has blessed the latest round of steel-price increases. If this is not the best of all possible worlds for the nation's affluent minority, it isn't a bad approximation. Even David Lawrence's *U.S. News & World Report*, the last innocent believer in the mythical class war between business and government, has been asking in print whether Kennedy has declared a truce. To be sure, unemployment doesn't go below 4 million, another burst of mild inflation is a distinct

prospect and two-fifths of the population remain trapped in poverty or at living levels below the modest standard defined as adequate by the Labor Department.

But the vacation cruises to Europe are tightly packed, the stock market has been rising and, apart from the crusade to preserve their tax loopholes, businessmen have little cause for concern. Indeed, their self-satisfaction has been reflected across the country. Economic affairs have again been largely pushed back to the safe confines of newspaper financial sections or trumpeted joyfully on the cover of *Time*.

In this inauspicious setting, Senator Estes Kefauver (D., Tenn.) and his Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee recently took another look at the pricing practices of the corporate giants. The Senator is-

sued a collection of scholarly papers and held three days of hearings on administered prices which drew about as much attention as a Tariff Commission inquiry into a plywood producer's plea for relief from Swedish imports. But this is hardly new. The Senator has been doggedly pursuing corporate price-making for six years. His subcommittee has published twenty-six volumes embracing 16,505 pages.

Newspapers and the public generally have paid little heed to this enterprise. It has produced only one piece of legislation, a bill dealing with drug safety, and that was largely an accident. It passed only because of the shocking thalidomide disclosures; even so, with the Administration's approval, it was stripped of the sections that dealt with the drug makers' pricing power.

If Kefauver and his tireless econ-

Bernard D. Nossiter, who reports on economic affairs for The Washington Post, is the author of Myths and Myth-makers in the Modern Economy, to be published next year by Houghton Mifflin.

omists, like John Blair and Wales Browne, often feel they are talking to themselves and a few lobbyists, it is understandable. But this is not to say the twenty-six volumes have been in vain. When the latest business boomlet fades away, as the Administration's fiscal stimuli are diluted by price increases, whoever is in the White House will have to recognize again (as both Kennedy and Eisenhower did briefly with steel) that corporate pricing bears directly on economic prosperity. The simple fact is that many large corporations, partly immune from competitive forces, practice a kind of industrial Malthusianism. They set and hold their prices to yield a predetermined target rate of return on a "standard" level of output. This tends to keep prices up, prevents production from expanding, makes innovations less likely, holds down employment and impedes faster growth.

Kefauver's hearings into steel, autos, baking, drugs and electrical machinery — the heart of the six years' labor — have been uneven and incomplete. They have also been indispensable for an understanding of the economy's main-springs. In abundant detail, they have traced the mechanics of the pricing power that bears considerable responsibility for the peculiar stagnation afflicting the American economy since the end of the Korean War.

Apart from a brilliant handful of dissident economists centered in the University of Chicago, few scholars now dispute the fact of corporate pricing power. Most of the remaining holdouts are, or have been, on the payrolls of General Electric, United States Steel, the Business Advisory Council and similar highly interested organs. It may be that the Chicago dissidents are right, that Roger Blough, Frederick Donner, Ralph Cordiner, Dwight Eisenhower, John Kennedy and many, many others suffer from illusions about man-made prices. Mass delusion is not unknown in history. But it is at least infrequent enough to make it a dubious starting assumption.

Two lines of criticism are usually advanced against the corporate pricing-power doctrine and both turned up in Kefauver's examination. One, nurtured at Chicago, in-

sists that free markets and not corporate managers really determine prices because products are frequently sold at less than the quoted price. The trouble with this thesis is that discounts are customarily a specified percentage of the quoted or list price. In other words, as Professor Walter Adams and Robert Lanzillotti observed: "Quoted prices are the foundation of the price structure — the point of departure for bargaining over premiums and discounts, the take-off point for price revisions."

The other ground for skepticism flows from the fact that there is no measurable correlation between the degree of concentration in an industry and the price increases it posts in any period. This is true, but beside the point. Administered-price theorists have never argued that every firm with pricing power exercises it to the fullest. What they have demonstrated is something else: when demand is slack and resources are unemployed (when in other words, the conditions are not ripe for classical inflation) prices have still risen because some — not all — concentrated industries have raised them.

Kefauver's latest inquiry aimed at finding out what to do about all this, a question that has at least as much to do with political science and cultural anthropology as it does with economics. Not too surprisingly, he was given a mixed bag of answers. Most of the economist witnesses, like their campus brethren generally, urged the creation of a genuinely competitive economy, one in which corporate power would be fragmented. They called for more vigorous antitrust action, new antitrust-law amendments to atomize the great clusters of power and an end to government policies that promote concentration through taxes, subsidies and purchases.

Edwin Nourse, the conservative chairman of President Truman's first Council of Economic Advisers, wants more competition as much as anyone. But he replied to the trust-busting proposals with a critique that impresses nearly everybody but professional economists. Nourse observed that modern technology *requires* large corporations and price administration. If attempts are made to fragment the structure, he said: "Gains that

might be accomplished at certain points would be far overbalanced by general disruption of the intermeshed fabric of our dynamic business life."

A few of the experts pushed hobby horses of their own. Gardiner Means, that extraordinarily creative economist who first saw the significance of the separation of corporate ownership from corporate management and drew attention to the pricing power of the few, would keep the existing structure intact. But he would reward managers of corporate giants for good economic behavior with tax-privileged bonuses. A variant of this scheme was proposed by Frank Kottke of Washington State. He would give U.S. Steel and other steel makers subsidies for producing and selling tonnage that used more of their capacity. Abba P. Lerner of Michigan State wanted to prohibit price and wage increases when an industry is operating well below its capacity, or its labor force is suffering unemployment. Neither Kefauver nor the other economists spent much time picking these ideas apart. It is safe to say that the Congress and the President won't, either.

Oddly enough, neither the compendium nor the hearings explored the European experience. There the choice has been made to retain the concentrated industrial structure, but to harness it to socially approved ends. An interesting and largely successful mix of planning and free decision-making has now emerged in Scandinavia and in every Common Market nation except West Germany (although the Germans and the British are now moving down the same road). If this approach has not successfully checked rising prices, it has at least been accompanied by rapid growth and generally high employment.

At the end of the hearings, Kefauver thanked "the best minds of the nation" for participating and predicted that the exercise "will be appreciated as time goes on by legislators, lawyers, economists, students of this problem." The Senator is a persistent if quixotic man. Perhaps in the end his notion of what is relevant may be nearer the mark than that of the mass media that have so long dismissed him as a crank.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Science Explosion

LITTLE SCIENCE, BIG SCIENCE.

By Derek J. de Solla Price. Columbia University Press. 119 pp. \$4.50.

Carl Dreher

Dr. Price, formerly a physicist, is chairman of the department of history of science and medicine at Yale. In 1962, he presented the George B. Pegram lecture series at Brookhaven National Laboratory; this book is the result. The Pegram lecturers are expected to discourse on science and its place in society, and Price was a good choice. He originates ideas and he writes lucidly all the time, and brilliantly some of the time.

What he has undertaken, as he explains in his preface, is to turn the tools of science on itself, by measuring and generalizing, making hypotheses and testing them against the evidence, which in this case is historical and statistical instead of experimental. In the process he explodes several myths, notably the one that since World War II science has experienced an unprecedented rate of growth. Actually, the upsurge of science has been going on at a pretty constant rate for three centuries; it is only that when something has grown big, the same rate of growth produces more impressive results than when the thing was small.

Using criteria on the number of scientists, the number of scientific journals and other, more refined, indices, Price shows that since the mid-seventeenth century — a few years after the death of Galileo — scientific activity has doubled every 10 or 20 years — every 10 if we adopt a minimal definition, every 20 if we measure by work and workers of very high quality. As an average, 15 years has been, and still is, the doubling period.

Fifteen years is a very short time in such a context. If we have a right to talk about a population explosion, science furnishes a much bigger explosion, for population is doubling only every 50 years. There can be shorter doubling periods: five years, for instance, for overseas telephone calls, but for anything as permeative as science and its offspring, technology, even a 15-year doubling is terrific. It means that if there were only a handful of authentic scientists in 1650, by 1750 there were about 100,

in 1800 about 1,000; 10,000 in 1850, 100,000 in 1900, and around a million (measured by scientific and technical degrees) now. It also means that at any given time the number of living scientists must be almost equal to all the scientists that have lived and died since there was such a thing as science. This ratio is radically different from that applicable to humanity in general. Only about 5 per cent of all the people who have lived since 1 A.D. are alive today or, as Price puts it, "There is much more past to live in if you discuss politics and wars than if you discuss science."

The growth of both population and science has been exponential, following a diverging series like $2+4+8+16+32 \dots$ but the divergence for science exceeds that for population. Obviously this can't go on. Science has already increased by 5 orders of magnitude ($\times 10$ each time). An increase by one more order of magnitude would be startling, by two, impossible. It would mean that by 2060 we should have two scientists for every man, woman and child in the population (Price adds dogs) and we should be spending on them twice as much money as we had.

The cost of science has been increasing as the *square* of the number of scientists. But since the number of average scientists increases as the square of the number of highly productive ones, we derive what Price calls "the frighteningly costly principle" that research expenditure increases as the *fourth* power of the number of superior scientists. At this rate, by the year 2000, even, expenditure will have multiplied by a factor of 81, and the gross national product will be far outstripped no matter how it is stimulated, whether by tax reduction, lysergic acid or hypnosis.

Yet, in the past few decades, that has been the scientific pace. In 1950 we spent about \$3 billion on research and development. By 1960 this item, the bulk of which is in the defense budget, had risen to \$13 billion. By all indications the ratio of R&D to GNP will rise from its present level of 2-3 per cent to 10 per cent, as early as 1973. And all the time, in terms of results, the cost is more than doubling as salaries go up and the tools become ever more complex and

expensive. The trillion-electron-volt particle accelerators now being projected, for instance, are so expensive that the U.S. and USSR are discussing sharing the cost and using the machines on a cooperative basis.

The financial aspect is one of several in which Big Science differs from Little Science, qualitatively as well as quantitatively. The maw of Big Science is so wide that only Big Government can feed it adequately; thus Big Science levies on the personal budget of every citizen. The exponential growth of the scientific and engineering labor force creates new professions, siphons off needed manpower from old ones; overloads educational facilities, and foments international discord as nations struggle for possession of seminal minds. Little Science had these problems, but they were almost a private matter. During and after World War II they assumed such proportions that science and technology no longer tamely served politics but began to dominate it—and that is Big Science.

Even while we are alarmed by the efflorescence of science since World War II, the exponential pattern of the past three centuries may be turning into something more prosaic. An exponential curve shoots on and on and up and up, but it represents only the heyday of a development, not what happens in the early and late stages. The more encompassing, "natural" curve is the logistic form — a slow rise, then a rapid exponential rise, then saturation or leveling, with possible irregularities consequent on the inability to continue the rise. A logistic curve is what you experience when you turn on the hot water on a cold morning. First the water runs cold and warms only slowly. This is followed by a rapid rise, but finally the boiler has given all it has and the water cannot get hotter.

The logistic curve for science may react more violently in its terminal stage. In one of his figures, Price shows several ways in which logistic growth can respond to ceiling conditions. One is escalation, in which the science, technology or industry succeeds temporarily in escaping limiting conditions and promotes another rise, or more than one, only to come up against a final ceiling. Then there are two curves in which oscillation

or "hunting" takes place about the saturation locus. The convergent mode results in stability, but the divergent mode, in which the oscillations increase in amplitude, has disquieting implications, such as the construction and successful operation of a doomsday machine.

It must not be thought that any of this is mere academic speculation. The railroad industry, in terms of trackage and revenues, reached saturation and then turned down in a socially stultifying decline which still continues. Price also gives some striking curves for the annual production of bituminous coal, copper and zinc from 1870 to 1950, showing convergent oscillation after about 1920. Applying these experiences to science, he concludes that "without reference to the present state of affairs or any estimate of just when and where the ceiling is to be imposed, it is apparent that over a period of one human generation science will suffer a loss of its exponential growth and approach the critical point marking its senile limit."

What is the origin of our feeling that there has been a qualitative change in the role of science since World War II? The war itself is not the cause: Price shows that it resulted only in a sidewise displacement and that thereafter growth was resumed at the same rate. "The order of events," he concludes, "might have been different, the political implications perhaps grossly so, but there is some reason for taking a fatalistic line that it was in the nature of things for accelerator laboratories to grow as big as Brookhaven, and missile establishments as large as Cape Canaveral, and that had there been no Manhattan Project, there might still have been a Sputnik."

The explanation lies, rather, in social factors involving the proportion of brilliant scientists, the authors of "breakthroughs," to the run-of-the-mill scientists, the mass of mediocrities whose spadework and frustrations are necessary for the achievements of the leaders. For every major scientific discovery, there must be scores on scores of minor advances which bring its authors little renown, and further scores of plausible hypotheses, embarked on with high hopes, which come to a heartbreaking conclusion.

Price shows that in a crisis period like the present (perhaps he underestimates the effect of chronic cold-war crisis) the output of highly pro-

ductive scientists is below the number required for the aims which national societies set themselves. The wealthy societies then try to increase the incidence of crucial discoveries and inventions by holding out material rewards to those individuals and teams that seem likely to succeed. This is an innovation. Before World War II, except for the stars—the Einsteins and Rutherfords and Bohrs and Fermis—scientists were held in hardly higher esteem than movie extras, and paid about the same. As Price says, society "almost dared them to exist."

How times have changed! Scientists, still understood only within their own community, are now regarded by the public as semi-omniscient, like medicine men in a primitive tribe, and are paid on the scale of corporation executives. Price discusses some of the resulting problems in his last lecture, "Political Strategy for Big Scientists." Among the scientists themselves there arise "invisible colleges," staffed by "affluent scientific commuters," whose numbers may be of the order of a hundred in each field (nuclear energy, astronics, etc.) and

whose chief communion and emulation is with one another. The expenses and power of such groups tend to increase as the square of the number of members. The more power the group acquires, the more it is in a position to acquire. It is a process of positive feedback, referred to in the Biblical observation that to him that hath shall be given.

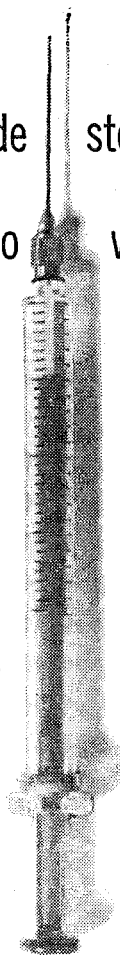
At levels below these elites, we note distortions consequent on the lavish material and professional rewards offered in the United States. Scientists move from countries where they are desperately needed to the land in which the tools of research and the stipends are alike provided without stint. Not only underdeveloped countries are deprived by emigration, but, as a particularly poignant instance, England finds herself losing ground to some of her competitors, and emigration is weakening her further. While the USSR and Japan are gaining rapidly, France is contracting, and the United States has taken over a large share of what used to belong to Germany.

When backward countries are not

The inside story of polio the development of vaccines—and a margin of safety that was just not wide enough

MARGIN OF SAFETY

by JOHN ROWAN
WILSON



MARGIN OF SAFETY tells a story which, for better and worse, could only have happened in the twentieth century; in the words of first reviewer Virginia Kirkus, it "reveals much of the bickering, backbiting and ballyhoo . . . the mistakes [which] can be attributed to the society in which we live and the characteristically American syndrome of urgency, energy and waste." Physician-novelist Wilson tells why scientific values were lost sight of even as a scientific victory was being achieved; his damning, compassionate objectivity makes MARGIN OF SAFETY the year's most explosively important book.

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DOUBLEDAY

weakened by loss of valuable personnel, their chances of scientific success are very good, since they can now pass rapidly over the preparatory stages and achieve exponential growth. Price cautions us against succumbing to panic during the "forthcoming waves of Sputnik-like scientific advances by countries previously regarded as second-rate in high science and technology." That it should be necessary to make such a point before an audience as sophisticated as the one Price had at Brookhaven shows how advanced we can be in some areas and how oblivious and ignorant in others. Thorstein Veblen, whom the author does not mention, demonstrated the penalties of taking the lead, and the advantages of coming from behind, in *Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution*. His analysis remains valid after nearly fifty years. Price estimates that the doubling period in the Soviet Union is perhaps seven years, and in Red China three years. India is another one to watch, and Israel; nor would it be safe to neglect the nations of Africa, once they get moving.

Price feels that the Big Scientist will soon hold the purse strings of the state and, at least in part, may be taking the place of earlier control groups—the military, finan-

ciars, legislating lawyers. Twenty-five per cent of the deputies in the Supreme Soviet of the USSR are men and women with scientific training, as compared with less than 3 per cent in the United States and Great Britain. Despite differences in the machinery and objectives of government, a similar development may be in store for us.

In this view, the military-industrial complex may be evolving into an organism of a more scientific cast, though not necessarily better for humanity on that account. Price is more optimistic than I am on the consequences of such a transition. He envisions a "maturing of a certain responsible attitude among scientists analogous to that which, in almost prehistoric times, moved physicians toward the concept of the Hippocratic Oath." This early ethical evolution, he points out, did not come about because doctors were unusually dedicated or public-spirited, but because they could only too easily fall into what their customers could call malpractice, or worse. The invisible colleges now have the power, Price suggests, to cast out their poisoners and abortionists, and so to make science serve man. I will not name my favorite poisoners but when I see one cast out—just one—I will be more optimistic.

The book is thus descriptive, and its organization is geographical. The emphasis is upon cities and industry. The author sees much of the West as being in the full current of modernity, and basing its boom upon the jet plane, the atom, the missile and the electron. He passes rapidly over those parts which have not yet been caught up in this modern whirlwind.

The method of collecting information and presenting it is reportorial. The author has recently traveled 40,000 miles in the West. He depends heavily upon interviews, of which the book presents scores. Except for two often quoted Stanford professors, the interviewees are, nearly all of them, businessmen. Between interviews the text is as full of statistics as Las Vegas is full of suckers.

A book thus constructed does not make for easy reading. The focus of attention shifts sharply and, often, to the point of producing museum-fatigue. There are too many statistics, and these are sometimes trivial. (For instance, you will learn that The Dalles is now "forty-five minutes closer to Portland by car than it was fifteen years ago.") There is even repetition, as when we are given the population of Cheyenne (43,505, in case you are interested) twice within ten pages. The author sometimes lets loose with a mixed metaphor so fine as to call for anthologizing. ("Much of the hard fact of such an era lies locked in the explosive question of whether the United States will do business with Red China.")

I can imagine many Westerners looking into *Westward Tilt* with great interest to see just what the author says about their own city, or about some other districts in which they have a particular interest. I can imagine a young Easterner, who thinks of going west, reading the entire book with avidity, to decide whether he should try Montana or southern California. Anyone who is concerned with the whole West as a phenomenon will wish to read the volume.

The great question about such a work as this turns upon the accuracy of its myriads of statements and the validity of its many judgments. I have noticed some errors of fact, and I am ready to argue about some of the judgments, but the real question resolves itself into that of the qualifications of the writer.

Mr. Morgan, born in 1924, has lived in the West since 1946. Although his first associations were with southern

The Good New West

WESTWARD TILT. By Neil Morgan. Foreword by James A. Michener. Random House. 411 pp. \$6.95.

George R. Stewart

The book is well described in its subtitle, *The American West Today*. During the last few years the Western states have been experiencing a boom, and Mr. Morgan here gives us his description of what has happened. He mentions having read some of the works of John Gunther, and the influence of Gunther is patent. We might well think of the book as *Inside the West*.

The text falls into four sections. The first of these considers the West as a whole, with such section head-

ings as *The Good Life; Science, Industry and Amenities; The Education Rush*. Two of these sections, dealing with the racial minorities, I found to be the most interesting parts of the book, since they helped put me *au courant* with what was happening—or, at least with Mr. Morgan's opinion as to what was happening, since I am not ready to take wholly any man's word about such complicated problems. He is, we might mention, highly optimistic about the present and future of race relations in the West, as he is highly optimistic about most things.

The second section considers California, and the third and fourth sections present the ten other states. California is, if anything, slighted. Since it contains so many people, many of its good-size cities do not even get a mention, but in other states Mr. Morgan has space to devote to small towns.

George R. Stewart, recently retired from the faculty of the University of California, is the author of *Storm, Fire, Earth Abides, Ordeal by Hunger, Pickett's Charge and Names on the Land, among other books*.

California, he has written, since 1950, the column, "Assignment West," which now appears in about forty newspapers. He thus should seem to have a right to his own opinions about what is happening from the Rockies westward.

In writing, Mr. Morgan has maintained an almost 100 per cent reportorial objectivity. As a result, the book is curiously without passion. There is a little indignation about the tendency of the Mormon Church to withhold certain information. There is a moment of moral revulsion over Las Vegas. The author sees this new West, and, in general, it is good. He has only passing comments about ugliness, smog, water-pollution and such overcrowding that six men are trying to fish at each trout pool.

Mr. Morgan, in fact, seems to consider more people, more industry and more rat race as representing a kind of ultimate good. He is scornful of communities and individuals who doubt whether these really are such, and who are content to go more slowly and to think of quality, more than of quantity. Mr. Morgan thinks that such places and individuals are working up blind-ends and are going to be by-passed. I wonder.

At one point I pricked up interest on discovering that the interviewee was named Babbitt. The name seemed familiar. There was, I think, a Babbitt who was prominent in American life in the 1920s. Can this be a member of the same family?

The question really becomes "Who is actually out of date around here?" Is it not the booster? Does not the boom of the 1960s, in many ways, look back toward the 1920s?

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Moscow

Anyone who goes to Moscow to see theatre solely as theatre is a fool. To a certain extent this applies to theatre-going everywhere, but it holds particularly in Russia. A convenient and agreeable entry into the Soviet world is through the theatre lobby.

The Soviet theatre is truly popular; it attracts the widest possible audience, as Broadway and the Paris boulevards signally fail to do. Everyone attends plays in every part of the Soviet Union. The young people who clamor for tickets at the recently es-

July 6, 1963



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by RICHARD HOFSTADTER

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established Sovremenik (Contemporary) are much less enthusiastic about the Moscow Art or the Maly — the more traditional or "classic" Soviet stages — but a blood tie, a family resemblance, links all these establishments.

I saw thirteen productions in two weeks, and that, considering what the

Harold Churman will contribute a second article on the Russian theatre, and one on the theatre of Warsaw. Mr. Churman himself returned from Russia, via Poland, on June 10 to receive from the Carnegie Institute of Technology the degree of Doctor of Fine Arts. He left shortly thereafter for a stay in Japan.

stage has to offer in Moscow alone, is virtually a neglect of the theatre. That city supports thirty-seven companies, all of them offering an average of four different plays a week. These four plays, however, represent only a small portion of the active repertory in any of these theatres. The Moscow Art, which operates two houses, has thirty-six plays on its yearly program. (There are 150 actors in its company.) The Vachtangov Theatre presents almost as many. Several months of nightly playgoing would be insufficient for seeing half the worthwhile productions.

At the thirteen performances I managed to take in there was scarcely ever an empty seat. The theatre (including ballet and opera) is the undisputed nub of Moscow's artistic life. Citizens complain that tickets are hard to obtain. An orchestra seat costs the equivalent of \$1.80 and most Muscovites seem to go to the theatre all the time!

This was my third Moscow visit, the first two being in 1934 and 1935. My first reaction on the present trip was disappointment. There were no productions as brilliantly original as those of Meyerhold in 1934-35. Toward the end of my brief stay I asked Boris Alpers, an excellent drama critic and a professor at the State Institute of the Theatre (Moscow's Central School of the Theatre), if the Soviet theatre had not been more interesting in the early thirties.

Alpers replied: "The theatre at that time astonished by its unusual production of classic plays: *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Lear*, *The Inspector General*, Ostrovsky's *Forest*. Our theatre now concentrates on new Soviet plays. While these cannot be as impressive to you, they are very important for us." It was a sensible as well as a tactful answer. Yet I insisted — in order to get a more direct response—

that he name one really outstanding contemporary dramatist; "let us say," I suggested, "of Gorky's stature." Alpers laughed, as did another critic, P. A. Markov, who took part in the conversation. "Or Shaw or Chekhov?!" Alpers interjected almost before I had finished speaking. "The day of the super-dramatist is over," he said. "I hope not," I rejoined without catching the drift of his thought. "And it is perhaps better so," he added. Making a virtue of necessity, Alpers meant that the cult of personality — dramatists representing "personality" — was not altogether an asset in the collective art which is the theatre.

Both critics agreed that the leading playwright of the moment is A. Arbusov. (Another critic I spoke to mentioned Leonov.) I saw two of Arbusov's plays: *The Irkutsk Story* at the Vachtangov Theatre (first produced almost four years ago) and *They Are Waiting For Us Somewhere* at the Mayokovsky Theatre, the première of which I attended. Whether these two plays are better or worse than others presently to be seen I am in no position to judge, but they are typical.

In *The Irkutsk Story* (Irkutsk is the largest city in Siberia) two young men who work at an electric plant are rivals for the attentions of a somewhat flighty shop girl. One of them makes a pass at her but is unwilling to marry her. His friend and companion marries the girl. The couple have twins. Shortly after this the husband drowns in an effort to save two youngsters who have gone in for a swim in the river. The work gang at which the drowned man was employed decides to contribute part of its earnings to support his widow. Her once-rejected suitor is opposed to her accepting the offer. She ought to go to work, he says. She takes a job among the men at the plant, and finds happiness in doing so. The man who encouraged her to go to work is now eager to marry her, but she is not at all sure she wants him: she has become an independent woman.

They Are Waiting For Us Somewhere has broader implications. By suggesting some of the play's various thematic strands I can perhaps convey more specifically what I had in mind in my opening sentences.

In a small town at some distance from Moscow a conflict has arisen between the older generation (the men of fifty) and the young folk. "We thought they would be better than us

but they are worse," says one of the town's leaders. But he is not presented as a sympathetic character: he is a "reactionary," that is to say, in local parlance, a Stalinist. It is significant in this connection that at the end of the play he weeps; he cannot understand his son who turns from him and rejects his views. Addressing the audience, the father cries out, "But I am not as black as the author has painted me." The audience applauds. There are many such in the audience and they feel that something more is to be said on their behalf.

There is a scene in which a young man who still believes in God is invited to debate the religious question. The playwright treats him sympathetically. He is a good man, and cordial to the play's atheist heroine. On hearing the fine choral singing of the town's religious sect, she murmurs, "They have created some beautiful things."

This motif ties in with another of the play's themes: the craving for "lyricism." (Read: the cultivation of the arts.) The author suggests that it may constitute an even greater need than the advance of science.

The play centers on the importance of relieving the dullness and stagnation of small towns. The kids there all hanker for Gorky Street (Moscow's main thoroughfare); they want to leave their village. (Shades of *The Three Sisters*!) The religious believer says of the town, "Everyone here is either indifferent or intolerant."

The play's heroine is the newly appointed head of the town's Cultural Center. She organizes a dramatic society, preaches love of the theatre, encourages the young folk to learn to play a musical instrument, to improve their vocabulary by reading good books, to publish their own newspaper. In brief, she stirs the town with fresh life, so that at the end of the play the once dissatisfied youngsters are no longer eager to leave. But she has aroused the displeasure of the chairman of the town's governing board—the aforementioned "reactionary"—who dismisses her.

She is not discouraged. She feels that the impulse she has set in motion can no longer be quelled by officialdom. She will move on to other places where similar work is needed.

One other facet of the play is worth listing. At the approach of its final curtain we learn that the heroine is a former actress who during the war entertained the troops at the front,

Poem

Who is at my window, who, who?
Go from my window, go, go!
Who calleth there so like a stranger?
Go from my window, go!

J. Wedderburn, 1542

Who is at my window, who, who?
It's the blind cuckoo, mulling
the old song over.

The old song is about fear, about
tomorrow and next year.

Timor mortis conturbat me, he sings,
What's the use? He brings me

the image of when, a boat
hull down, smudged on the darkening ocean.

I want to move deeper into today;
he keeps me from that work.
Today and eternity are nothing to him.
His wings spread at the window make it dark.

Go from my window, go, go!

Denise Levertov

and that she is married to a man of note — a physicist, rather vain and something of a lady killer. He begs his wife to return to Moscow with him. Very gently she says, "I know you are a great man. But it is not enough for me to be the wife of a great man. I have things of my own to do."

All this, the reader may well exclaim, is primary stuff, "wholesome" to the point of simple-mindedness. But apart from the mature and often superb theatrical skill with which these plays are staged — and of that later — there is undoubtedly something robust and genuine in their sentiment; something which the look and "feel" of their audiences confirm and justify.

It is the audience of a new society — less than fifty years old — a society which has only recently become literate. It is beside the point to say that the Russian past produced such writers

as Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Chekhov. Before 1924, 85 per cent of the population could not read them. (Our own serious native drama may be said to have developed only since 1915.) The present Soviet audience is a new audience — new to the theatre and to the life outside the theatre that it is leading.

As many Russian critics have pointed out, a certain calculated optimism has been imposed on Soviet literature and drama. But there was always a definite moralizing strain, a stress on what might be called humanistic didacticism or uplift, in the older Russian literature of which much Soviet writing, particularly in the theatre, is the simplified and popular descendant. To overlook this is to be historically and artistically obtuse. Do we expect this new society to produce plays in the manner of *Waiting for Godot*, *The Balcony* or *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*?

was issued a daily suit of new armor. The only smudge on the almost total hygiene of this ancient Mediterranean is the rumpled and sweaty Antony. Unfortunately, he drank.

But in a four-hour movie, even one as lavish as *Cleopatra* with instant architecture, spurting tomato juice and pastel smoke, a good many minutes must be given up to acting. It is not just that Elizabeth Taylor is a dull actress; Rex Harrison is quite a lively actor and the result is almost as bad. The fault lies in the director's inability to find a tolerable style for portraying semi-mythical personages in events of grand moment. It is not easy to mix divinity and circuses, but something more suitable should have been possible than the spectacle of a large group of footmen and ladies' maids aping their masters at the butlers' annual masquerade.

Granted that a director must find the woman in *Cleopatra*, it is not very interesting when he comes up with a wench. And Caesar must surely have had more stature than one would expect of the ceremonial stand-in for Dwight D. Eisenhower. True, there are moments when Harrison shrugs himself into the role of Professor Higgins; unfortunately, Miss Taylor is no Eliza Doolittle. From Caesar to Antony, she kisses as though she had learned the pastime in the back seat of a car, and she is still saying "Oi decree" as the asp bites home. I am not going to enumerate the very large cast because it is too easy to kid actors for absurdities that are not their fault.

If 20th Century-Fox wanted to make

FILMS

Robert Hatch

The 20th Century-Mankiewicz, Todd A-O, four-hour *Cleopatra* cost some absurd amount and was made to the accompaniment of absurd personal and professional publicity. For all that, it is not a bad picture—except when one or another of the actors is called upon to act.

What I liked particularly were the sets—the size of them, their infinite variety. And their newness. Rome was

not built in a day, but surely it was no more than a week old when *Cleopatra* rode into town on a basalt Sphinx that had been scrupulously proportioned to slide through the triumphal arch into the forum with a good six inches to spare. There is not a scratch on Rome, not a dent on Alexandria, the paint is still wet on the war galleys and it appears that every soldier in Caesar's legions

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certain that the audience would "identify," it was the wrong strategy. There are very few, even in a matinee crowd, so lost to reason as to see themselves as the goddess Isis or the absolute master of one-third of the world. The audience comes to fable and saga in order to gape and wonder, not to be told that one of the most romantic episodes in all tradition was conducted after the manner of a fancy-dress cook-out. The one actor who was able to suggest that he was more than the common man caught momentarily in a spotlight was Roddy McDowall. He made the epicene, craven, power-besotted Octavian look like a dangerous ferret to corner. He plays, more broadly, a part he learned at Stratford, Conn.

The film's plot was derived by Mr. Mankiewicz and two assistant scholars, it is said, from Plutarch, Suetonius, Appian, "other ancient sources" and *The Life and Times of Cleopatra* by one C. M. Franzero. As might be expected, legend, history and invention of varying plausibility (did Cleo really argue for a United Nations as she stood one night with Caesar beneath the translucent tomb of Alexander?) are creamed up into a gravy of no definable flavor. It is hard to believe that the battle of love and war between Rome and

Egypt could be made dull, but this picture turns the trick. It offers every blandishment for the eye and tam-bourines and trumpets for the ear, but the mind is given four hours to wander.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

This is quite a combination of clients: Percy Uris, one of the largest grocers of canned office space — a speculative builder whose company has gone public and whose cash flow has the steady roar of Niagara; big Conrad Hilton, host world-wide, a furrowed Texan whose eyes glint with both gaiety and guile; and lean Laurance S. Rockefeller, an austere looking financier who covets land for more than the cash he can squeeze out of it. He conserves natural landscapes, from here to Hawaii, about as good a thing as anyone in this world can do.

Mr. Uris is in this instance chairman of Rock-Hil-Uris (a corporation, not a kidney ailment). Mr. Hilton is of course president of Hilton Hotels Corp.; Mr. Rockefeller is chairman of Rockefeller Center, Inc. The common cause which has brought these three diverse types together is the building of "The New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center" — a hotel whose location is something of an exaggeration, since it stands on Sixth Avenue between 53rd and 54th Streets, a small walk from the Rockefeller ice skating rink.

I've watched the rising of their 46-story hostelry for more than a year, and have now received an engraved card to come to a press lunch, which I look forward to attending and reporting. The new building, from what can be seen from the street and from neighboring buildings, is a gigantic, pleasantly gaudy slab of hotel rooms that slices up into the sky from a substantial, windowless base. This wide base evidently contains the public rooms — banquet facilities, lobbies, ballrooms, etc. — and the contrast of its simple bulk with the beehive above is not only logically convincing, but quite graceful. Its massing has, at any rate, a straightforward, diagrammatic feeling, and that seldom happens in hotels, or in other Manhattan buildings.

Something even better about the building (architect, William B. Tabler) is the execution of the vast curtain wall up in the sky. Unlike the

usual dull and endless expanse of flat, factory-fabricated glass facing, this curtain is pleated. The wall is folded in and out, so that its reflections are not blankly staring, in the reptilian way, but diverting. In the early 1920s when the G Group in Berlin was playing with glass, that eternally new building material, Mies van der Rohe designed some skyscraper projects a little like this, if a lot richer. The same interesting way with glass had also occurred to the Chicago School architects toward the end of the nineteenth century. It is true that the technology of their day obliged them to use rather heavy framing for their windows, but several of their faceted buildings survive, with façades looking a little like great piles of bay windows, stacked side by side. They have a winsome glitter.

Architecturally, then, the new hotel is both diagrammatically functional and an enterprising piece of design. It does not fake its cavernous spaces downstairs, but expresses them boldly. It doesn't merely apply its glass wall like a brick veneer, but accomplishes something prismatic. Of course, the wall may be a little too big. I'm glad that I don't have an office window in a building facing it nearby, for it might not be a good constant companion. It is a little too deliberately happy.

And if one approaches the problem — and the building — from another angle, it could be objected that the blank ends of the tall, slim structure should have been used more effectively. These narrow ends are, in proportion, as the spine of a book is to its boards, and the spine is the place for a few furbelows. Perhaps something really extravagant should have been done with them. As in the UN Secretariat, the hotel's ends were left windowless. If they had been seized upon as an opportunity to outdo the pleated side walls in an act of real industrial *Gaudi*-ness, they might have improved the total effect, intensifying it. As it is, the pleated walls come to a dull stop at the corners. However, by comparison with the Americana, a neighboring new hotel, the solution is still very imaginative. The big Americana's tall slab begins to fold, a little like a menu, and its main entrance is exactly like the quick sketch found on the front of the menu, but here, by mistake, built. The Americana already seems rather stale. The three odd partners — Uris, Hilton and Rockefeller — are doing much better.

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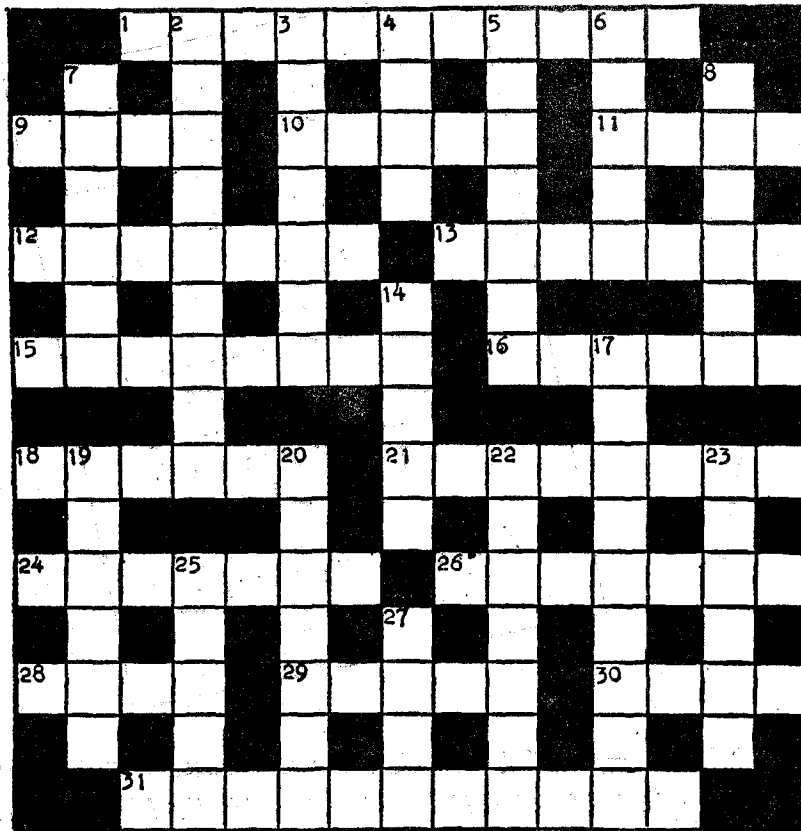
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1017

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Worked unremittingly to get to Mississippi, for example, to find such as Legree. (5, 6)
- 9 and 11 As likely to get morsel to mouth as stock to storage. (4, 4)
- 10 and 28 The treasury of the Local might be standard. (5, 4)
- 11 See 9 across
- 12 Changes the leopard's complexion like some Roman emperors? (7)
- 13 Where to find ships or settlers — or even dates, alternatively. (7)
- 15 He is decorated with little ornaments all around, as Raleigh was. (8)
- 16 A cozy little place like a hogan is nevertheless excessively damp. (6)
- 18 Ragout of lamb, as something having distinctive fragrance. (6)
- 21 Came back after the attack, to pride's undoing! (8)
- 24 A wandering nomad is logically suggestive of extensive stretches of land. (7)
- 26 A noble trait belonging to us when surrounded by bars. (7)
- 28 See 10 across
- 30 and 29 Plant on the crest of one of 2 down. (9)
- 31 Bede's father never had it so soft! (7, 4)

DOWN:

- 2 Keeps a lot of writers in trouble, obviously! (4, 5)
- 3 Horses, ceilings, and bars might be. (7)
- 4 Some people like their shirts this dry. (4)

- 5 There's a stretch between the top and bottom of a certain one of them. (7)
- 6 Found in the clatter associated with brilliant success. (5)
- 7 A little firm at this spot, so stick together! (6)
- 8 The results if you do are inconspicuous. (6)
- 14 The way people love the stuff commercials are refined from! (5)
- 17 Is a defrocked archbishop so? (9)
- 19 Not provided with a key? (6)
- 20 Are kept inside a money-making enterprise, in place of certain callers. (7)
- 22 Saw this, and a lot more in a well-known book. (7)
- 23 "Some chaos now, and in a whirlwind's ring the planets." (Sonnet 49, Santayana) (6)
- 25 They used to consider a well-turned one less painful. (5)
- 27 There is no jesting with such tools, according to Beaumont and Fletcher. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1018

ACROSS: 1 and 4 In the beginning; 9 Citadel; 10 Addenda; 11 and 13 Mash note; 12 and 15 In the wrong; 16 Theseus; 17 Corpses; 19 Xanthin; 22 Tongues; 24 Alba; 25 and 28 Twin stars; 26 Take; 29 Palermo; 30 Guarded; 31 Caretaker; 32 Sided. DOWN: 1 Income tax; 2 To taste; 3 Ends; 4 Belongs; 5 Graphic; 6 Nude; 7 Igneous; 8 Grape; 14 Delhi; 18 Suspended; 20 Nebular; 21 New York; 22 Tanager; 23 Unaided; 24 Aspic; 27 Trot.

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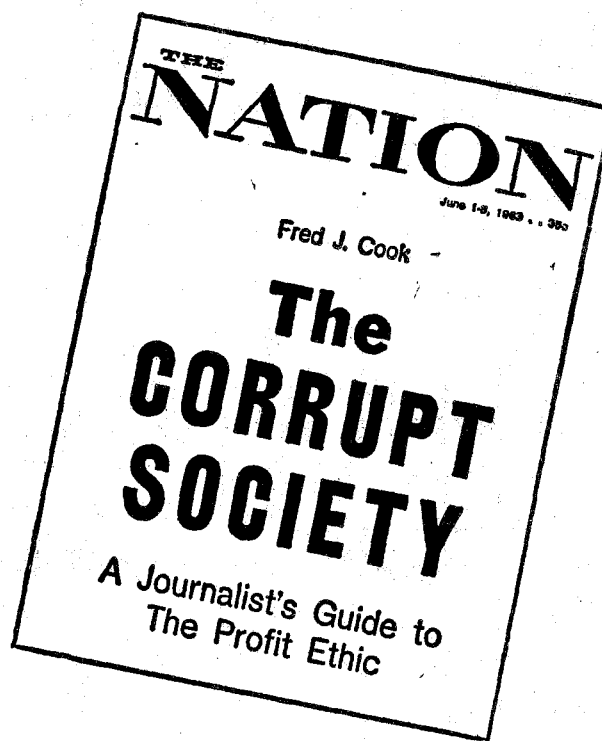
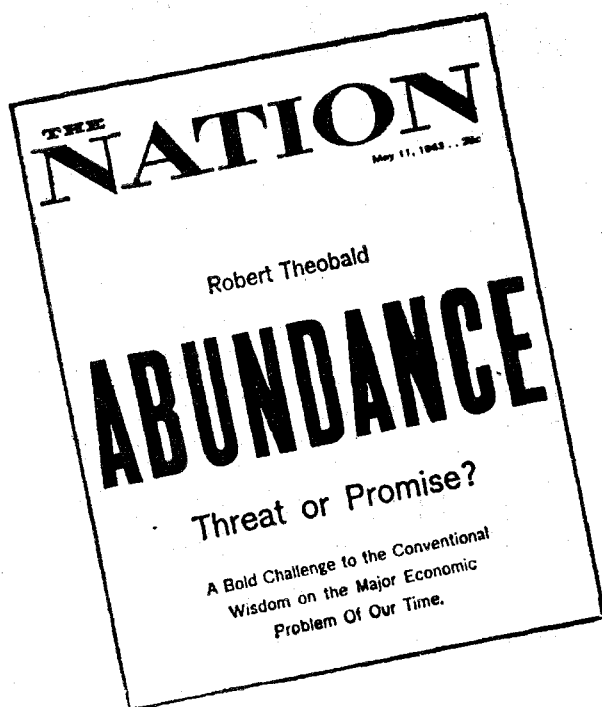
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